

# THE AGE-HERALD

E. W. BARRETT, Editor  
ROSS C. SMITH, Business Manager

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THE ONLY DAILY NEWSPAPER IN ALABAMA

## On With the Dance.

The Philadelphia Inquirer, a Quay and an administration organ, says:

Is there an ordinary citizen of the United States who really feels that he is being taxed for the support of the federal government?

We take the responsibility of answering that question with an emphatic no. Then why all this talk about extravagance and billion dollar sessions? The government collects a certain amount of money and pays it out again. If this money goes for public improvements men are put at work, and the men who work do not complain. These men do not protest that the government is extravagant. It is only Millionaire Hale who is doing the protesting. The average citizen very naturally will ask, What is his object?

If we have become a billion dollar country, so much the better. Let us hope that shortly we will become a two-billion dollar country.

Here it is again in all its amplitude and glory. This is now the accepted doctrine in Republican circles. This is the downward road that Rome travelled. This is the result of indirect taxation.

If this country is saved from corruption, extravagance and ruin, it will be through direct taxation, and particularly through the employment of an income tax. The prevailing corruption and extravagance are directly traceable to indirect taxation, which robs the consumer alike for the government and for the coterie that controls the government, in such a manner that the robbed do not know when and in what measure they were despoiled. The repeal of the robber tariff should be the slogan of all who desire to save the republic.

## Many Dogs, Few Sheep.

Tennessee, says secretary of State Morton, has one dog to every three persons. There is no reason for thinking that Alabama has a less proportion. In other words, there are 600,000 dogs, roundly stated, in Alabama.

It is said a \$10 hog eats no more than a dog. If this be an exaggeration, it certainly can be said that 600,000 sheep could be maintained on the cost to the State of its 600,000 dogs.

In the one case we would have a deal more pork, and in the other case a deal more wool, and either would be better than 600,000 dogs, which do not add to the State's wealth at all.

This may be strictly a speculative question. It may be that whites as well as blacks will insist upon keeping an army of dogs instead of a like number of hogs or sheep, but even speculative questions may be discussed, and a discussion may minimize the dog evil and add to the hog or sheep aggregate. At any rate, one dog to every three persons is an undue proportion of dog, and an anti-dog crusade is needed in Alabama much more than an anti-joint crusade in Kansas.

As to sheep, there can be no great increase of the inoffensive wool-bearers while the country is full of dogs, for dogs are sheep destroyers, and a part of the expense of keeping dogs is the absence of sheep. While there is a dog to every three persons, there can be but few sheep. There are next to none now in the State. This is lamentable, and the dogs did it.

## In the Subsidy Business.

There are teachers in this State who deserve much better pay than they receive, and there are teachers in this State who are receiving much better pay than they deserve; and as a rule it is the incompetent teachers who are exerting their pull at Montgomery against free schools, compulsory education and uniform text-books. The Age-Herald is the firm and undeviating friend of the competent, but of the semi-political incompetents it is not a friend, and never will be.

Mr. Ellis of Huffman is a competent teacher, who hopes for the reforms mentioned by and by, when he perhaps is no longer on the active list. He conducts a pay school, and he gives away his case when he says he has in his pay school six children whose fees are paid by their neighbors. Mr. Ellis surely will not ask anyone to believe that his other students do not know on what terms the six unfortunate little ones are in his school. They are not wide-awake if they do not know, and they would be angels if they did not use that knowledge whenever temper or meanness gain the upper hand.

This is indeed the trouble with pay schools. They repel the poor, even

when they receive them, by assuming that they are devoid of pride and sensitiveness. Perhaps they should be so constituted, but they are not. They are simply human creatures of the natural everyday sort, and as a rule they will not attend pay schools. Mr. Ellis endeavors to minimize the evil, but human nature forbids.

The State needs a term of free school. That does not prevent a subsequent term of pay school. What the Age-Herald objects to is a mixture of the two, producing a vicious hybrid, neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring. Either take away the State appropriation, or give us free schools of some duration. Quit subsidizing pay schools.

## Education in Alabama.

The uniformity text book act and the free school or Gunnells bill are both before the Senate, and each of them is a bill of the highest merit. Each is in the interest of the many. Each is antagonized by special interests, which are as powerful as they are selfish. If those special interests were not at work in Montgomery, everybody would say the two bills should be passed without a dissenting voice. But the special interests are pulling at the skirts of Senators, hoping to defeat them, wholly regardless of the general good.

The uniform school book bill is a bill to lessen expenses of education, and there is many a household which needs it. There is many a home that cannot afford to send children to school because the prices that the book trust exacts. It seems almost incredible that any legislator will listen to the trumped-up reasons of the opponents of this bill in the face of the experience in other States.

The Gunnells bill is, however, the more important of the two bills. It is a bill to establish free schools in a State that now has subsidized private or pay schools. Unless there are absolutely free schools in the State, the attendance of some children at school would be a physical impossibility, and this doubtless accounts for much of the opposition to the bill providing for a system of free schools in the State. The State donates a magnificent sum to public education, and it is unjust to rob those who most need it of the benefits of the appropriation through a system of pay schools.

Both bills are in the interest of the many. They tread on the corns of the few, who are fighting for their own little schemes. Both bills should go and would go through unopposed if they could stand on their merits alone without encountering special interests of long but not desirable standing.

Mr. Carnegie may conclude to syndicate himself into the United States Senate, where a crank will be lacking after Chandler and Pettigrew retire.

The Olney Presidential bill is trying to nose its way through the snowbanks to something warmer and more Democratic.

A royal wedding sometimes leads to martial law instead of general festivities. It works differently in different places.

The sluggers are discouraged, and the noble art begins to look forward to a period of innocuous desuetude.

The Standard Oil promptly developed an Indiana gusher as an offset to the geyser well in Texas.

The inaugural parade may include a wagon load of Mr. Roosevelt's mountain lions and wildcats.

The Berry Recorder has entered its third year and it is one of the lustiest youths in the State.

An extra session of Congress is to come with the March winds. Misfortunes come in battalions.

Livery stables and cold storage rooms are no more secure against Mrs. Nation than a joint.

P. Crowe was either alone in his Omaha enterprise, or else he had trusty accomplices.

The good Mr. Hanna strains at the rivers and harbors bill and swallows the subsidy bill.

Senator Hanna begins to think subsidy steals are more difficult than plain king-making.

The February snap in the snow belt was Klondike enough to suit the most exacting.

Dried grasshoppers are a delicacy among our fellow-citizens in the Philippines.

J. Pierpont Morgan's commission in the steel deal is said to be \$25,000,000.

Think of it! the output of books last year in this country was 635.

Colonel Roosevelt insists that he has sadly reduced the wildcat crop.

Mrs. Nation's hatchet has resumed business at the old stand.

The world-power business is proving very expensive.

The American army is overgenerated.

Mrs. Nation is a foe to art ungauzed.

## J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

From the Springfield Republican.

others, who might or might not suffer in business or otherwise for the ending of her life. Such risks are customary abroad though not tolerated in the United States, and they are taken by life insurance companies in England, even where no legitimate insurance interest exists, as in the case of people who desire simply to speculate on the Queen's life. Now it appears that policies aggregating some \$20,000,000 have recently been written in England on the life of Mr. Morgan, and are held by persons interested in American stocks with which Mr. Morgan is identified or which might suffer in depreciation in the event of his death. The matter was the subject of some cable correspondence between London yesterday on the part of certain New York financial houses, and the aggregate of \$20,000,000 is what one of these houses learned to be the approximate amount of the insurance, according to the New York Evening Post. The rate of this insurance is said to be 3 per cent a month. Thus to many Englishmen this private American citizen would appear to be quite as important a person as the sovereign of England, and the actual power he wields in this nation is certainly of regal proportions.

## THE NEW PRESS.

From the Sylacauga Enterprise.  
The Birmingham Age-Herald has purchased a new press and presents a State's best papers and is widely circulated.

From the Columbiana Chronicle.  
We are frank to say we do not admire the Age-Herald in its new-fangled dress. The old way was the best. But maybe we can cultivate a taste and love it just the same.

From the Brewton Standard Gauge.  
The Age-Herald has just put in a \$25,000 press, capable of printing 48,000 papers per hour. It is said to be the most complete machine of its kind in the South.

From the Opelika Post.  
The Birmingham Age-Herald has just installed a new press. The press will print from four pages up to twenty-four at a high rate of speed, and is capable of printing in several colors.

From the Alexander City Outlook.  
The Birmingham Age-Herald has installed a mammoth new press of forty-thousand-papers-per-hour capacity and came out Wednesday in a new seven-column dress. Such expansion on the part of Birmingham's morning paper is a stroke of enterprise that the entire State is proud of.

From the Huntsville Mercury.  
The spirit of progress has struck the management of the Birmingham Age-Herald, and the paper is now printed on a new \$25,000 modern press. The paper has long been handicapped by having to use an old press not adequate to the requirements. Now we expect great things of the Age-Herald.

From the Birmingham Times.  
The Age-Herald has a magnificent new \$25,000 press. It is 22 feet long, 12 feet high, and weighs 65,000 pounds. This press is claimed to be able to print 48,000 complete newspapers in one hour, counting them automatically and throwing them out of the folding machine in bundles of fifty. It is a perfect and in every respect up-to-date press.

From the Selma Journal.  
The Birmingham Age-Herald, with its new press and new dress and its seven-column form, is receiving from the press over the State the many compliments it deserves. With clever Ed Barrett at the head of its management and well-equipped Ross Smith at the business helm, there is no reason why the Age-Herald should not become one of the best Southern dailies.

From the Besemer Weekly.  
The Age-Herald has just installed a modern, up-to-date press that cannot only print in speedy order all the papers required for many years to come, but can turn out, as these modern metropolitan papers can, color work sheets and the best illustrations.

The new press permits the regulation of the size of the paper as the demand may require.

We are glad to see that the Age-Herald is in the prospering, progressing condition that justifies this heavy outlay.

## MRS. NATION AND THE 400.

N. Y. Letter in Pittsburgh Dispatch.  
Several invitations of a more or less farcical nature have been sent to Mrs. Carrie Nation regarding a New York visitation. The latest was a suggestion that she try her hand at reforming the Four Hundred, reference being made to the burlesque saloon smashing act at Senator Clarke's Valentine ball. She replied today: "The society people of New York probably need reformation as badly as any class of people in America, not excepting saloonkeepers. If they want to burlesque me when I am trying to save men's souls I do not care. They had better employ their time driving vice out of their own city."

## TWAIN'S APPEAL TO CARNEGIE.

From William Curtis' Washington Letter.  
The other day Mark Twain wrote Mr. Carnegie about as follows:

My Dear Mr. Carnegie—Understanding that you have a great deal of money for which you find no immediate use, and knowing your philanthropic spirit and your desire to help all worthy persons, I write to ask you to make me a contribution of \$150. I will tell you why I want the money. In my early youth my mother gave me a hymn-book which I have kept and used through all these years until it is entirely worn out. I feel that this sort of a request will meet with a generous response from you. Very truly, your old friend, MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—Don't send a hymn-book—send the money.

## KANSAS SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

From the Atchison Globe.  
Sentiment is changing. When a minister calls, there is no longer consternation when he sees a deck of cards on the table.

As people grow older they begin to grow more alarmed over the brief time in which a family looks serious after there has been a death in it.

Our heart goes out to a certain Atchison woman who was saving money to give a big reception, and who she had just half enough her cook died.

An Atchison girl is having her revenge. She is a collector, and one of her bills is against a married man who left her to marry another girl, and whose domestic expenses have made him "low pay."

One of the great problems that confronts a woman is that she doesn't know if her husband will come home feeling poor, and soiled because she has so much to eat, or feeling rich, and soiled because there is so little.

## IN HOTEL LOBBIES AND ELSEWHERE

Astrologer Raphael's prophecies for this day, Tuesday, February 19, 1901:

"Buy, speculate, seek work, and ask favors between noon and 7 p. m."

"Thou wilt have a successful year, this being thy birthday, but beware of law and quarreling. Those in employ must be careful."

"The young may court."

"A child born on this day will be headstrong and stubborn, and difficult to manage, yet, on the whole, will be rather successful in life. If a female, she will marry a very exacting kind of man."

## This Day Is Shrove Tuesday.

This day is Shrove-Tuesday, the day preceding Ash-Wednesday, so called from the ancient and pious custom of confessing sins and receiving shrift on that day as a preparation for the forty days' fast of the Lenten season; the words shrove being derived from shryve, meaning to confess sins. It is a general day of pleasure in all Roman Catholic countries, and in Catholic communities such as Mobile and New Orleans in this country. It is the Carnival of the Italians, the Mardi Gras of the French, and the partially French cities of America, and the Pancake-Tuesday of the old days of the ancient faith in England.

With Catholics the world over it is a day of feasting and merriment, the last which they may lawfully enjoy until Easter, for the laws of the church are very exacting in the interdiction during Lent of what are commonly called worldly amusements, such as dancing, attendance at theatre, drinking and feasting, and general frivolity. Lent is a time for penance, for fasting and prayer, mortification and repentance.

## Dear Mardi Gras Memories.

"It was my privilege in recent years to participate in several carnival celebrations in Catholic lands, notably in Rome, Florence and Nice," said a Birmingham man who was engaged in discharging American public duties abroad for a number of years.

"The most beautiful carnival of all that I saw was at Nice, and the central figure of the happy-hearted Catholic rejoicing was the generous, liberal and democratic prince who is now King Edward VII of England, then the Prince of Wales, or as he was universally and familiarly called in conversation, 'H. R. H.'—his royal highness of universal affection. If all men in the world could have seen this illustrious prince as he appeared that day in the streets of Nice their view of him would have materially made for the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, which the mighty Serp Tennyson saw by the pilots of the peer twilight!"

"The prince left his hotel in an open carriage which was so completely decked in flowers, the open-air flowers of that glorious southern clime, that the material and paint of the vehicle were entirely hid from view. He was unattended, just as if he had been an Alderman instead of heir to the throne of earth. No soldiers, no policeman, no guard except the hearts of the multitude, he started out on his drive with one personal friend with him. That friend was known and admired, and loved for his great goodness of heart the world over as Baron Hirsch the Jew, now dead before his time. Six prancing ponies drew the royal carriage, and at the moment they cleared the gateway coming out of the courtyard of the hotel, the admiring and wildly enthusiastic people began raining flowers upon the vehicle and the prince and his friend. Before the carriage had proceeded above two hundred yards it was overflowing with the floral greetings of the public. Meanwhile the Prince of Wales was smiling and bowing, and occasionally throwing flowers and confetti, as happy and as thoroughly democratic as any public school boy in England or America. Indeed, the prince is himself an old public school boy, having in his youth attended the renowned school founded at Eton by one of his kingly ancestors, a school which all the boys of the English royal family attend, and which Wellington declared won the battle of Waterloo—'Waterloo was won at Eton,' was his phrase."

"That was a great day in Nice, and no one who witnessed the jubilantly happy Catholic greeting to the Protestant Prince of England is ever likely to forget it, and to every one it was new proof of the light-hearted happiness of Catholics the world over!"

"Memories of the carnival in the Corso in Rome, the street of merriment in the Eternal City, in which that same English Prince was the leading figure in his youth, still cause happiness to the wayfarer. Confetti alone was used, not the vile paper stuff we know in Birmingham and other American cities as confetti; but the fine, almost impalpable white powder in little paper bags so thin that the dropping of one to the pavement was enough to burst it. This confetti in the Corso carnival filled the atmosphere so that it looked as if a pure white and dry fog were prevailing; and truly was the merriment boundless, and the unbridled license of the time was never taken advantage of for rudeness or roughness, ill-manners or licentiousness. It was all jollity without offense. In Florence—most entrancing of all the world's cities to outward seeming—similar conditions prevailed; all were merry and happy!"

"An objectionable saloon.  
"Another effort will be made Wednesday night to induce the City Council to abate the hateful, demoralizing and disgusting nuisance of the notorious saloon in Second avenue, near the Jefferson Theater," said Mr. Molton last night.  
"If the City Council should refuse to cause the closing of that saloon, a refusal I don't anticipate, that body elect explicit and implicit understanding, sense float the united moral forces of this community, for there is not a member of the Council who doesn't personally know that the saloon in question is extremely offensive and obnoxious to the people, and that the solid moral element of Birmingham demands that the saloon be closed. Therefore, I am confident that the City Council will give the relief prayed for."

"Before the Messrs. Smith began to build the new theater the agent of the owner of the house occupied as a cheap and objectionable saloon undertook that the saloon should be removed. It was an explicit and implicit understanding.  
"But apart from explicit understanding, the fact of moment to the public, the condition of most disgusting and objectionable immorality, is that this low saloon, the scene of vice and by the locality of former murder, remains close to the principal theater of Birmingham, and by its foul door the ladies and young girls of Birmingham are forced to pass and constantly compelled to witness drunken negro women and men coming and going in all the forms of grossest immorality."

"This outrage upon the Birmingham people, this den of desperate iniquity, is an affront to every woman and child and every reputable man in the city. The Mayor and Aldermen know all these facts just as well as anybody else. These saloons are as much an affront to them and to their families as it is to all other citizens and their families; and there is therefore no possible excuse for any refusal on the part of the Mayor and Aldermen to close the saloons. They know the facts, and their duty is plain, and I believe they will act in a straightforward moral manner."

"In the name of the women and children, in the name of decency, in the name of morality and respectability—let the Mayor and Aldermen of Birmingham right this long-standing wrong, this crying infamy in the most public place!"

## Colonel Bob the Beloved.

"At last, in the full flower and plenty of young manhood's well-merited honors, my beloved Bob McDavid, whom all the public men of the State and thousands of private citizens love to love and rejoice to admire, puts away from him the now enviable title of mister and rushes pell-mell into the ever swelling ranks of the paper colonels," moaned one of the few misters of Alabama last night.

"Colonel Robert Patton McDavid, if you please, or whether you please, Bob the Beloved has been and gone and done it—or rather that other distinguished paper colonel, the able and universally esteemed Governor of Alabama, has went and did it with his new steel pen! He has made Master Robert an adjoin, 'with the rank of colonel.' So as to this brilliant and remarkably successful young man, this youngest and most popular secretary of state Alabama ever had, all those who hold him close to their hearts and in their comradeship must hereafter refrain from the familiar 'Bob' of happy days, and must address the secretary of state as Colonel-Colonel McDavid, secretary of state."

"There are in Alabama about 200,000 white men, each of whom is over 21 years old. Of that grand army of voters, probably nineteen out of every twenty bear titles. There are great numbers of doctors of divinity, not to mention doctors of medicine, Mrs. Doctors, doctors of drugs and doctors of dentistry; multitudes of squares, judges, Mrs. Judges, Cunnells, Mrs. Cunnells, Majahs, Mrs. Majahs, Caplans, Mrs. Caplans, Gln-rals, Mrs. Gln-rals, Gynvors, Mrs. Gynvors, superintendents, Mrs. Superintendents, and so on, leaving in the entire State of Alabama rather less than 10,000 of us plain misters. Bob McDavid was the most distinguished of these misters, and his desertion from our ranks is sad. Indeed, it is sad that he, with his honors thick upon him and our love all his own, should become a colonel! Henceforward, unto the end of his days, that title will rise up to confront him, even though he should win the Presidency; for to this day the rusties refer to Mr. McKinley, a sure enough officer in war, as majah."

"But colonel though it be, the brilliant Secretary of State will remain in the hearts of all Bob the Beloved."

Colonel McDavid arrived in town last night and expects to return to Montgomery today.

The Newcomers Come.  
"The best and most desirable class of business and professional men are thronging to busy Birmingham to take up their residence in this best and most promising of all possible towns in this or any country; and probably ten times a greater number would come if they could secure suitable dwelling houses."

"Amongst the latest and most desirable newcomers is Mr. W. A. Battle of Tuscaloosa, who operates his office in Birmingham as the representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company," said an old college mate of Mr. Battle.

"Mr. Battle has brought his family to the city and they are residing at 1918 Twelfth avenue, South, where they are already 'at home' to their friends. They will be cordially welcomed by Birmingham society, to which they will be a charming addition. Mr. Battle is of the historic Tuscaloosa family of that name and is a university man of distinction who has warm friends all over this State and in sister states of the south. Mrs. Battle, who is a brilliant and lovely gentlewoman, was Miss Battle of Livingston, and she has a wide acquaintance amongst the most cultured of Alabamians."

Death of Hon. R. H. Seymour.  
"The death of Hon. R. H. Seymour of Sumter, which occurred in Meridian on Monday morning, will cause keen regret to a great number of good people, friends of his own, and to the multitude of friends throughout Alabama who esteem and admire his noted son, Hon. William Henry Seymour, former consul of the United States at Palermo, Italy, and for several terms a member of the lower house of the Alabama Legislature," said a friend of the Seymour family last night.

"It will be recalled that the late Mr. Seymour, who was a man of lion-like courage and great will-power, was shot and wounded fourteen times in a personal difficulty, it was alleged, with some brothers Scott and perhaps others in Sumter County about a year ago. The difficulty appears to have grown out of a lawsuit about a cow, and owing to Mr. Seymour's prominence in West Alabama the shooting created a great sensation in the State. Fourteen bullets were extracted from Mr. Seymour's body. The merits of the case I cannot discuss here; but Mr. Seymour's death will cause genuine sorrow. For thirty years he had been one of the most influential citizens of Sumter, and his friends were entirely devoted to him."

A PREPOSTEROUS NOTION.  
From the Philadelphia Ledger.  
Most chimerical and preposterous of all the visionary things that have been said about Mars' inhabitants are those that relate to "signals" between the two planets. The dark streaks, dubbed "canals," upon the Martian surface, invisible to all but a favored few observers, are of an average width of thirty miles, and the "signals" have no greater average diameter than 120 miles. What, then, must be the stupendous scale of the "signals" to be successfully flashed outward! It is true that swift-winged light, journeying more than 35,000 miles a second, could cross the space during a perihelion opposition in a little more than three minutes, but what toleration would the "advanced civilization" of Mars exhibit toward the scientific Nero who should cause the gigantic conflagration necessary to send a signal with terrestrial—and that, too, in the absence of an intelligible celestial cipher!

In moments of perfectly steady terrestrial atmosphere the Yorkes telescope, greatest of its class, might glimpse, as a mere speck upon the perpetually cloudless surface of the moon, an extensive group of great structures like those of the Chicago Exposition, and might also recognize the absence of the tiny dot upon their removal—and that is all. Yet the perigee distance of our satellite is only 221,000 miles, while that of Mars is 35,000,000 miles, or 160 times as great. Surely comment is unnecessary.

It is regrettable when gifted minds, succumb to sensational temptations. "Even the worthy Homer nods," says Horace; but it is particularly deplorable when investigators of creation are lured from stable process by wild visions of domination over nature. Babel is still potential as an object lesson, and credulous readers will do to ponder upon the famous "Moon Hoax" cleverly foisted upon the public nearly three-quarters of a century ago. Whatever may be the celestial developments of future years, it is quite safe to assume that the period of inter-planetary "signaling" has not yet dawned.

THE OPEN MOUTH.  
From the Boston Herald.  
The poem concerning the man with the big mouth, delivered by Congressman Shattuck of Ohio during the debate the other day, is not so familiar to the general public as it might be. The closing stanza furnishes a sample of its piquancy: Good Lord, from evils fierce and dire—Save us each day; from fear and woe, From wreck and flood, from storm and fire, From sudden death, from secret foe, From blighting rain and burning drought, And from the man who plays his mouth, Amen!

KING UP TO THE LIMIT.  
London Letter in New York Evening Post.  
There are to be no leading strings for Edward VII, no prompters, "no wise old councillors," who must have everything their own way, and who would limit "limited monarchy" until it became a mere symbol and spectacle. True, Edward VII cannot run the risk that the Kaiser, but his constitutional rights are his, and, if we are to judge from these eleven days, he does not purpose to be at all diffident in exercising them. That, as I take it, is the impression he has created upon his ministers and people alike. There is a certain strangeness about it, but on the whole England seems to like it, and, as I have said, the verdict up to now is in Edward's favor.

RECOGNIZING HOBSON.  
From the Savannah Press.  
In acknowledging the propriety of giving fitting recognition to the services of Lieutenant Hobson, Secretary Long undoubtedly expresses the sentiments of the greater part of the public. Now that the wave of excited adulation of the Lieutenant has passed and the reaction from that period of hysteria is over, the country is able to make a just estimate of the feat of the young officer. The episode of the Merrimac was one of the brilliant and daring things which have given distinction to American naval history. It will never be forgotten and it cannot be without its stimulating effect upon the men who take part in the naval enterprises of the future. Putting out of mind the extravagant hero-worship and the exaggerated glorification which met Hobson after the close of the war, he is still to be credited with a feat of bold courage in a patriotic effort to serve his country. It is only fair play that his gallant performance should be recognized officially at its true value.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.  
By Edgar Allan Poe.  
In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head,  
In the monarch Thought's dominion,  
It stood there;  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.  
Banners yellow, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This, all this, was in the olden  
Time, long ago.)  
And every gentle air that dallied  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne, where, sitting,  
Porphyrogene,  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen,  
And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
To wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow  
Assailed the monarch's high estate;  
(Ah! let us mourn, for never sorrow  
Shall dawn upon him dead!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed are bloomed  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of a old time entomb'd.

And travelers now within that valley  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.

# LONDON GAMBLES ON LIFE OF J. P. MORGAN

From the New York Journal.

Wall street received through a private cablegram yesterday intelligence that English speculators, awaiting the outcome of the negotiations for the Steel Trust, have insured J. Pierpont Morgan's life for a sum aggregating nearly \$20,000,000.

This is equal to a hedge against loss which would certainly be occasioned by Morgan's death, and is a familiar safeguard to English manipulators, but so far is unknown in this country.

The rate is said to be the enormous one of 3 per cent a month. But the extraordinary is explained by the fact that the English companies making this sort of insurance without examining the subject, and without, therefore, an accurate knowledge of the risk.

It was found on Queen Victoria's death that English tradesmen had insured her life for enormous sums, but hitherto where else in the world has a particular industry hinged upon the life or death of one person.

The tribute to Morgan's power, therefore, in this light, is extraordinary.

trial atmosphere the Yorkes telescope, greatest of its class, might glimpse, as a mere speck upon the perpetually cloudless surface of the moon, an extensive group of great structures like those of the Chicago Exposition, and might also recognize the absence of the tiny dot upon their removal—and that is all. Yet the perigee distance of our satellite is only 221,000 miles, while that of Mars is 35,000,000 miles, or 160 times as great. Surely comment is unnecessary.

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